

## Stranger things prompts by up\_sidedown

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Character Death, College, College Applications, Cuddling, F/M, Fluff, Friendship, Hurt/Comfort, Love, Pregnancy, Prompt Fic, School, Siblings, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, being cute, life goes on - Freeform, mileven fluff, the party, variets from each chapter

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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**Summary:**

Basically you give me stranger things prompts and i'll write them.

## 1. „can you write Max pregnant next?“

### Author's Note:

“Can you write Max pregnant next?”

“What’s up?”, El asked as soon as the Mayfield’s door opened. The redhair in front of her was pale and tired, but happy to see her bestfriend anyways.

“What’s wrong?”, El said, following Max in her room taking a seat on the bed.

“I messed up”, Max let herself fall on the mattress looking up to the ceiling.

El’s eyes grew slightly bigger out of interest.

“You better sit for this”, Max stated.

“I am sitting”, El chuckled, but got serious again right away.

Max wetted her lips and took a deep breath. After a moment she sat up again, supporting her weight with her hands: “You know what... the thing- .... I”, she took another shaky breath, while El got more worried by every word. She had never heard Max struggling to say anything.

“Max”, she faintly says, “Talk to me. I’m here.”

Max tugged a hair strain back, focusing now on Eleven and actually making eye contact.

“Did you and Mike take things further then kissing?”, she finally asked, making El smile at that - her cheeks reddening slightly.

Max raised an eyebrow at that: “So you have... “

“What exactly do you want to tell me, Max?”, El stated leaving her question unanswered.

“Lucas and me went further as well and... I am pregnant”, she let herself fall back in the pillows again.

El’s brows were knitted, she didn’t say anything then dropped back on the bed next to her, still in her wet blue rain coat and everything. Both of them just stared blankly at the ceiling.

“So...”, El broke the silence after a few minutes, “What are you going to do?”

Max blinked: “I don’t know. Nobody expec you knows that... and Lucas really won’t be ready for a kid yet.”

“You’ll figure it out?”, El said with a sad undertone.

“How do you know?”

“Because”, El took a breath returning her look at the ceiling, “I figured out at thirteen that there is more to live then being a lab rat.”

## **2. “Did you get my note?” “Of course i did. You taped it on my forehead while i was sleeping” + Mileven**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Look at the title, tells everything you want to know

El woke up, immediately noticing to dark outlines of her room. The moon light was shining through the opened window. It only took her a brief moment to register that Mike was gone. Sometimes she really hated the fact that he was always leaving so Hopper didn't catch them like this. El wasn't sure if the price was worth it.

The next thing she noticed was that there was something on her forehead. Her hands reached for it, feeling something like paper and tape. She quickly got it of and hold it into the light.

“Off to buy eggos, love ya.”

It were those little things that made her feel incredible happy and loved.

It was only then when she heard his voice coming out of the super com: “El?”

She grabbed it, holding it to her ear, her smile still not fading: “Yea?”

“I didn't want to wake you up”

“You didn't”, she looked at the tiny piece of paper again sitting in her hand.

“Did you get my message?”

“Of course i did you taped it on my forehead.”

She could almost feel him smiling: “Listen, I brought eggos. I'll be there in ten.”

“Okay”, she turned to her side, so her head was resting on the supercom.

“I miss you.”

“I know. I miss you too... and i was only away for a solid half hour”, she heard him laugh.

“Mike...?” she stated after a moment feeling sick out of sudden.

“Mhmmh?”

“I've gotta go”, she shot up from her position making a bee line for the bathroom and throwing up immediately. She heard the door opening and Hopper coming in: “Ugh... El.”

He came over rubbing her back, while she was kneeling in front of the toilet.

After she finished he gently helped her to sit down against the wall, supporting her with his big steady hands on her upper arms: "This is happening a lot lately."

El nodded whipping her nose.

"Is there anything you want to tell me?"

El shook her head.

"What do you have there", he pointed at her chest, his hand reaching for something.

She quickly looked down and found a sticky note sitting on her shirt:

"My hoddie is underneath the bed if you get cold."

This had El smiling again, and Hopper's face turning red of anger within less than a second.

### **3. "On a scale of 1-10, how bad do you want to kill me right now?" "I'm hovering somewhere in the high thirties" - Mike/Eleven**

#### **Summary for the Chapter:**

"On a scale of 1-10, how bad do you want to kill me right now?"

"I'm hovering somewhere in the high thirties" - Mike/Eleven

"On a scale of 1-10, how bad do you want to kill me right now?"

"I'm hovering somewhere in the high thirties", El answered.

Mike laughed: „I am sorry okay? They just didn't have eggos.“

„You honestly ran for errands and came back without eggos“, El whipped away a tear. She was moody and pregnant so that should explain about everything.

„Look“, Mike handed her a bag of cheerios, „I am sorry.“

„I don't want them“, El stated not taking the cheerios from him. Then she turned and walked back in her room closing the door with her powers and Mike just laughed. He took his keys and turned on the door: „I'll be back in a few.“

It took him four hours to run to the next supermarket in the next town. Still it was worthy. He reached home at one a.m, quietly got in and made her the best egg omelette she had ever seen in her entire life. When he carefully opened the door to the bedroom and slipped in she was crying and apologizing for being so rude to him earlier and he just smiled it off, kissing her entire face and helping her into one of his hoodies since she had been freezing. She ate the egg omelette still.

„I love you“, she quietly said after calming down enough.

„I love you too“, and then he leaned in and kissed the tears from her cheeks along sure he didn't miss a single one.

„I am sorry that I am so moody lately“, she said.

„Don't be. It's perfectly normal. We are all sometimes moody.“

She rolled into a tiny ball hugging on him tight: „Yeah, but I am just currently a very annoying person.“

„Nope“, he stated, kissing her cheek because that was the only place absolve from his angle, „You could never annoy me.“

## **4. "I asked you to stop being dead." "I heard you" + Mileven**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

"I asked you to stop being dead."

"I heard you" + Mileven

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Alcohol consume warning!

He should have known. He cursed himself for being this ridiculously dump. Of course he should have considered that nobody had informed his girlfriend about the depths of alcohol consume.

When they first started partying with El, they had done it in a pretty innocent way: just a few people, loud music, no alcohol. It couldn't even be considered as partying.

However for Dustin's birthday a huge party was been held and of course Mike and El wouldn't miss out on it.

Hopper had told Mike repeatedly to no matter what not to leave El alone anywhere. And he didn't. He stayed by her side wherever she went... at least the first half of it. Not leaving her alone meant for him that at least a friend of her should always be around her. So when Max had taken El with her to discuss whatever girly thing they wanted to discuss.. he didn't mind and continued his conversation with Will and Lucas.

And that's how he got in this mess. He had found El only an hour later stupidly drunk.

He had gone over to her, because he saw a red cup in her hand and on instinct he got to her as soon as possible.

His first thought was no doubt "Hopper is going to kill me."

And he was probably not wrong.

"Hey El", he gently placed his arm around her, she turned her head facing him cheeks flushed, "Let me take that", he gently took the drink from her and placed it on the kitchen counter.

„We were just having fun, Mike”, Max slurred taking a sip from her beer.

Mike ignored her and instead redirected his focus on his girlfriend.

She had obviously already thrown up.

“Let’s get you up and lay you down.. shall we?”, he gently dragged her to the stairs.

He ended up basically carrying her up the stairs and found them a suitable room, closing the door with the heel of his foot.

He lay her down on the bed and El just let him do it.

“Mike”, she stated, glancing up at him.

“Yeah?”

“I don’t feel good.”

He laughed at that: “Yes well... you are drunk El. Do you feel like you need to throw up?”

She shakes her head no.

“Sure?”

She nods, then opens her arms and reaches out to him.

He couldn’t take how cute she was, but still Hopper was going to kill him for this.

“Let me take this off”, he offered, noticing her shirt had a slight very slight proof for having been vomiting on it.

He very gently proceeded to take it off and then handed her his sweater. Now he was almost proud of himself for wearing a normal white shirt underneath.

He pulled it over her head and she closed her eyes, which got him worried.

„We need to get you home.“

She still didn’t move. He shook her shoulder: „El?“

„Mhm?“, she mumbled, „What?“

"I asked you to stop being dead."

"I heard you“, she replied, „The room is just spinning.“

„Being drunk is weird, huh?“, he asked dropping in bed next to her cuddling her close to him, because he knew she would need it.

„Were you ever drunk?“, she slurred, hiding her face in his chest.

„Once or twice.“

He felt her nodding.

„I am sorry, I should have warned you.“

She shakes her head: „Not your fault.“

He kisses her forehead: „It was.“

She shook her head again, but he ended the conversation with that.

When she eventually fell asleep, he just watched her, holding her.

He now realized that they were in Dustin’s bedroom.

His hand moved under her chin and then he leaned closer to her ear:



„I love you.“

She shifted a bit, turning more to him and then mindlessly mumbled:

„I love you too.“

## 5. „I hate you“ - Will&El

### Summary for the Chapter:

Will and El had a huge fight in the past, a sudden death of a friend brings them back together years after.

“I hate you” + Will/El

It's been a couple of years since the group had split up, went to college, graduated college and ended up starting their own life's. It also been a couple of years full of changes and somehow ended up changing every single one of the party.

El was just in the middle of washing the dishes in her tiny apartment in Chicago, when the door bell rang.

She sighed wondering who it could be at those times but went to open anyways.

“Will”, she gasped surprised.

He ‘brother’ was standing in the hallway, he was wearing entirely black clothing and his mimic was hard and deep.

It had been years since they saw each other, for good reasons.

“Don't expect me to invite you in”, El simply said already proceeding to close the door.

“I think you want to hear about this one”, Will said keeping the door open with a hand.

“I don't think I do”, she harshly said and simply returned in her apartment, Will coming after her after a few seconds.

“Will, what is it? Just get it out already, I don't want to be stuck in this room a minute longer then necessary.”

Will sighed closing the door behind him with the heel of his shoe:

“Trust me, me neither. And I didn't come hear to apologize, just to clarify.”

“I didn't expect that”, she returned to her dished and Will stayed put by the door not wanting to go further in.

“It's your opinion nothing can change about that”, he mumbled.

“Sorry, that I didn't want a demogorgon in my life and a crazy girl like you, sorry I wanted to live a fucking normal life”, he said angry.

El turned around, closing her eyes for a moment, taking a deep

breath and then asking him in a stern tone: "What do you want Will?"

"Lucas died", he stated causing El to lift an eyebrow.

"Oh", she mouthed.

"I wasn't sure if you wanted to know... you didn't seem like you cared--"

"How did he die?", she asked cutting him off harshly.

"Car crash."

There was a minute of silence, a tear escaped her eye. Will ran a hand through his hair, took his wallet, he had left at the kitchen counter and left.

Simply like that.

El let herself fall onto the tiny sofa, trying to calm herself down enough to regain a normal breathing rhythm.

She shakily got her phone and dialed Will's number.

He didn't answer so she decided to leave a message: „Hey Will, I- I am not apologizing or anything, I feel like it's not my point. It was you who told me you hated me. However I think we are grown up enough to move on..."

She stopped and left the message like it was.

It took Will six days to reply with a simple text message: „I don't hate you."

## 6. The party + college

### Summary for the Chapter:

The party search for colleges and write applications together. They are sad because they wouldn't want to part from each other

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry it's been so long! I am back 🎧

#### The Party & college applications

End of high school is a quite busy time. Maybe stressful for some for entirely different reasons. One was stressed about grades, the other about the SATs or their dream college they wanted to attend since being born.

El personally didn't know what to think. Whether to be stressed or relaxed she didn't quite understand the stress around her. Everyone was basically in their own zone, only physically attending and interacting with others.

So that's how they also gathered once again in the Wheeler's basement which they slowly seemed to have grown out of.

Dustin was reading a book, Lucas awaited a call from the MIT and Mike was mindlessly crossing out colleges on a sheet of paper which he didn't want to send an application to. El had her head resting on his thigh while reading a book for English class. She had no idea which college she would want to go to. Maybe she didn't even want to leave. She didn't quite feel ready for the big world. Hawkins had always been what she had known and breaking out of the lab had been quite a huge shock. El was afraid. From what she had figured out it also meant parting from their friends. She couldn't think of a possible reason why she would ever want to leave Mike. The problem was simply that she didn't have his grades, he would get into any college, she wouldn't, still being way behind the rest of their class.

Max sighed annoyed writing on her essay and turning the pen in her fingers a couple of times before ending a dot to the end of the complicated sentence structure she had just formed.

"I hate this", she pointed out, absently tucking a red hair strain

behind her ear.

„Not alone“, Lucas took a deep breath trying to gain back his concentration.

He gave up a few seconds later, El turning her head slightly to put her head in an angle where she actually see her friends.

„Someone up for pizza?“, Lucas asked.

„Hell yes“, Dustin smiled from his position next to El's castle.

Lucas stood running up the stairs to order some. Dustin left for the toilet and Max lay down on the sofa completely rereading her text.

El felt Mike's careful fingers running through her hair and over her forehead. She smiled fondly for a brief second until putting her book down.

„What colleges have you crossed out?“, she asked looking up to her boyfriend.

„The one's far away“, he mumbled still staring at his list with furrowed eyebrows.

„Why?“

He chuckles putting the list away, his cheeky happy eyes meeting with her causing her to join in his chuckle: „Because I want you close.“

He tickled her even though she repeatedly jokingly told him to stop.

„Stop the cuteness guys I need to finish this“, Max held up her work with a smirk.

Mike rolled his eyes placed a lips on El's lips and recreating their eye contact just making both of them break into another laugh.

Max rolled her eyes, but El could see she had fun too.

„Pizza will be there in ten“, Lucas interrupted obviously happy with himself while walking down the wooden stairs. He joined Max on the couch placing an arm around her shoulders.

Mike kissed El's forehead sweetly and then picked up his list again.

„That could be one you might like too“, he tells her showing her the one he was referring to.

„Sure“, El tried to remember the name for later.

A ring interrupted them a few moment later.

„The pizza“, Dustin announced already following Lucas quickly upstairs.

„Alright“, Mike stood up. El stayed on the floor not feeling up for it. He just chuckled and made the desk ready for eating.

„Put the essay away, Max. It's dinner time!“, Dustin returned holding up two pizzas high in the air like he was presenting the new king of

great Britain to the world.

The all gathered around the table. Shared their pizzas and some good laughs and then when the day slowly faded into night all slowly parted until it was only El, Mike and Max (who would stay for the night) gathered in the basement.

“Let’s make a toast”, Mike announced holding up his glass of water.

Max held her glass up to clearly not knowing what’s about to happen.

“We will stay together some way. Where ever we go where ever college takes us: we stay the party.”

“To the party”, El and Max both repeated.

## **7. El/Mike ~ “You want to name her after your mom?”; “It’s what she would have wanted”**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Prompt from wildfire377! I hope you like it

Winter is nice. Both El and Mike loved summer since the weather was so nice, but laying underneath the warm blankets next to the fireplace in the dusty basement while watching the small snow flakes outside falling down on the cold floor slowly was nice in another way too.

It had been years since their last visit in the Wheeler’s basement. Both of them only have no visited their families for thanksgiving and christmas. Mike and El owned a pretty small apartment in NYC. For their winter stay they had decided to seek for them warmth of their childhood.

Mike rested his chin on top of her slightly curly hair. So peaceful, he thought. Peace they’d ver really had gotten in their childhood. He could tell El’s eyes were closed as she leaned into his body.

There was a reason they visited this winter from NYC. A very good and special one, which they needed to announce to their families. They’d visited Hopper and Joyce already as well of course as the Wheeler’s and their friends. The last point on their list was Terry, El’s mother. They had debated for weeks whether they should actually go, but then again it was family.

The drive there was quite and El wasn’t really able to tell Terry since she was still kind of stuck in her on repeat mind scenarios - stuck in the past. However El had cried on their way back. Cuddled into the side of the seat while watching the sun set and a few cars including an old motorcycle rush past them on the others side of the road.

Mike took her hand for a few minutes until it was needed again for the art of driving.

“Why are you crying?”, he asked her softly whipping a tear from her cheek.

She looked at him with watery eyes while the drove behind a truck: “Because she doesn’t deserve this. She could have had anything-“

Mike kept quite, but she didn’t finish the sentence, just smiled weakly and blinked her tears off focusing back on the beautiful sky outside.

"I know. But we can't undo it", he told her gently maneuvering around the truck.

El nodded slightly a hand coming to rest on her belly softly. Mike noticed.

"How's she doing?", he asked.

"I think good", El smiled a happier smile caressing her pregnant belly softly where Mike thought the baby was probably kicking her.

"You want to name her after your mom?", Mike asked without further more thinking making sure to catch her reaction.

A few seconds of silence passed both of them focusing on the road while El kept her hand resting on her belly a slightly look of surprise on her face whenever their little daughter kicked.

"I think-", she made eye contact with Mike, "It's what she would have wanted."

Back in the basement Mike savoured this moment. El always had trouble to connect all her different family structures but now she had a clear one, her boyfriend and their daughter Terry and she wouldn't let that one fall apart.

"You good?", Mike asked her.

She nodded, her eyes still closed her fingers skimming over her baby bump.

"Are you in pain?"

She nodded slowly, opening her eyes. He was only relieved when he caught the corner of her mouth slightly twitching up.

She ran her other hand over his dark curls: "Are you ready to become a daddy today?"